Quippes for Vpstart Newfangled Gentlewomen. 1595.



Or, A Glas

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A Glaſſe, to view the Pride of vainglorious WOMEN.

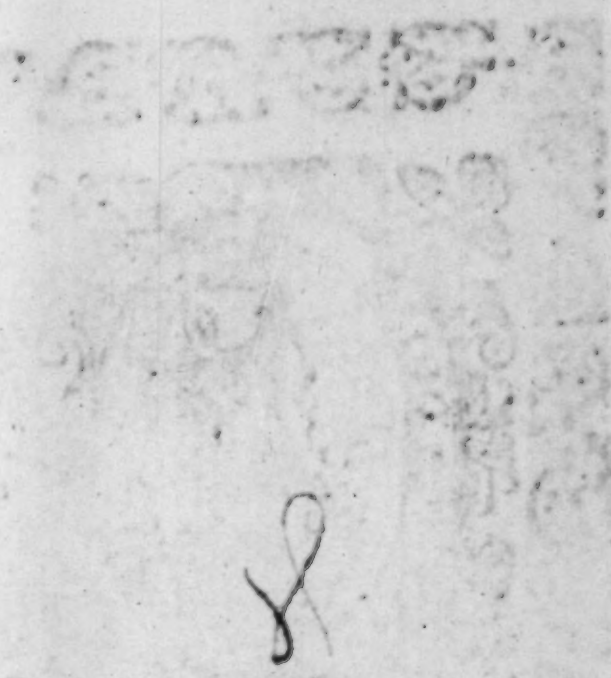
Containing.

A pleaſant Inuectiue againſt THE FANTASTICAL FOR-reigne Toyes, daylie vſed in *Womens Apparell.*



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1595.



A Glaſſe, to viewe the pride of vaineglorious Women.

THeſe faſhions fonde of countrey ſtrange,
which Engliſh heads ſo much delight
Through towne and countrie which do range,
and are imbrac'd of euery wight.
So much I woonder ſtill to ſee,
That nought ſo much amazeth me.

If they by Painters cunning skill,
were prickt on walles, to make them gaye:
If glaſſe in windowes they did fill,
or trimde vp puppets, childrens play,
I would repute them Antickes olde,
They ſhould for me, go vncontrolde.

If they on ſtage, in ſtately ſort
might iet, to pleaſe the Idles eie:
If Maie-game mates for ſummer ſport,
by them in daunce, diſguiſde might be,
They would not then deſerue ſuch blame,
Nor worke the wearers half the ſhame.

But when as men, of lore and wit,
and guiders of the weaker kinde:
Doe iudge them for their mate ſo fit,
that nothing more, can pleaſe their minde.
I know not what to ſay to this,
But ſure I know, it is amiſſe.

And when sage Parentes breedes in childe,
the greedy lust of hellish toyes.
Whereby in manners, they growe wilde,
and loose the blisse of lasting ioyes,
I pittie much to see the case,
That we thus faile of better grace.

And when proud princockes, Rascalles bratte,
in fashions wil be Princes mate:
And euery Gyll that keepes a catte,
in rayment wil be like a State.
If any cause be to complaine,
In such excesse who can refraine.

And when young whiskers fit for worke,
in no good sorte, will spende the day:
But be prophane, more than a Turke,
intending nought but to be gaie:
If we were bent to praise our time,
Of force we must condemne this crime.

And when graue Matrons, honest thought
with light heeles trash will credite cracke:
And following after fashions nought,
of name and fame, will make a wracke,
Might loue, and lip, a fault conceale,
Yet act, and fact, would filth reueale.

And when olde beldames, withered hagges,
whome hungrie Dogges cannot require:
Will whinnie still, like wanton nagges,
and sadled be with such attire.
A pacient heart cannot but rage,
To see the shame of this our age.

Theſe Holland ſmockes ſo white as ſnow,
and gorgets braue with drawn work wrought:
A tempting ware they are you know,
where with (as nets) vaine youth are caught.
But manie times they rew the match.
When poxe & pyles by whores they catch.

Theſe flaming heades, with ſtaring haire
theſe wyers turnde, like hornes of Ram:
Theſe painted faces, which they weare,
can any tell, from whence they cam,
(*Don Sathan*) Lord of fained lies,
All theſe new fangles did deuiſe.

Theſe glittering caules, of golden plate,
wherewith their heads are richlie deckt:
Makes them to ſeeme an Angels mate,
in iudgment of the ſimple ſect.
To Peacockes I compare them right,
That glorieth in their feathers bright.

Theſe perriwigges ruffes, armed with pinnes,
theſe ſpangles, chaines, and laces all:
Theſe naked paps, the deuils ginnes,
to worke vaine gazers painfull thrall.
He fowler is, they are his nettes,
Wherewith of fooles, great ſtore he gets.

This ſtartch, and theſe rebating proppes,
as though ruffes were ſome rotten houſe,
All this new pelfe, now ſolde in ſhoppes
in vallue true, not worth a lowſe:
They are his dogges, he hunter ſharpe,
By them a thouſand, he doth warpe.

This cloth of price, all cut in ragges,
theſe monſtrous bones that compaſſe armes:
Theſe buttons, pinches, fringes, iagges,
with them he weaueth wofull harmes,
He fiſher is, they are his baytes,
Wherewith to hel, he draweth huge heaps.

Weare maskes for vailes to hide and holde,
as Chriſtians did, and Turkes doe vſe
To hide the face, from wantons bolde,
ſmall cauſe then were, at them to muſe,
But barring onely wind and Sun,
Of verie pride they were begun.

But on each wight, now are they ſeene,
the tallow-pale the browning-bay,
The ſwarthy-blacke, the graſſie-greene,
the pudding-red, the dapple-graie,
So might we iudge them toyes aright,
To keepe ſweet beautie ſtill in plight.

What els do maskes, but maskers ſhow,
and Maskers can both daunce and play:
Our masking Dames can ſport you knowe,
ſometime by night, ſometime by day.
Can you hit it, is oft their daunce,
Deuſe-ace fals ſtil to be their chance.

Were fannes, and flappes of feathers fond,
to flit away the fliſking flies:
As taile of Mare that hangs on ground,
when heat of ſummer doth arriſe.
The wit of women we might praiſe,
For finding out, ſo great an eaſe.

But seeing they are still in hand,
in house, in field, in Church, in street:
In summer, winter, water, land,
in colde, in heate, in drie, in weet.
I iudge they are for wiues such tooles;
As bables are in playes for fooles.

The baudie Buske, that keepes downe flat
the bed wherein the babe should breed:
What doth it els but point at that;
which faine would haue somewhat to feede.
Where bellie want might shaddow vaile,
The buske sets bellie all to sale.

Were buskes to them, as stakes to gappes,
to barre the beastes from breaking in,
Or were the shields to beare off flappes,
when friend or foe would fray begin.
Who would the buskers forte assaile,
Against their sconce, who could preuaile.

But seeing such, as whome they arme,
of all the rest do soonest yeeld:
And that by shot, they take most harme,
when lustie gamesters, come in field.
I guesse, Buskes are but signes to tell,
Where Launderers for the campe do dwel.

These priuie coates, by arte made strong,
with bones, with paste, and such like ware:
Whereby their backe and sides grow long,
and now they harnest, gallants are.
Were they for vse against the foe,
Our Dames for *Amazones* might goe

But ſeeing they doe only ſtay
the courſe that nature doth intend:
And mothers often by them ſlay
their daughters yoong, and worke their end.
What are they els but armours ſtout:
Wherein like Gyants, *Ione* they flout.

Theſe hoopes that hippes and haunch do hide,
and heaue aloft the gay hoyſt-traine:
As they are now in vſe for pride,
ſo did they firſt beginne of paine.
When whoore in ſtewes had gotten poxe,
This French deuiſe, kept coats from ſmocks.

I not gainſay, but baſtards ſprout,
might Arſes greate at firſt begin:
And that when paunch of whoore grew out,
theſe hoopes did helpe to hide their ſinne.
And therefore tub-tailes all may rue,
That they came from ſo vile a crue.

If barreld bummes were full of Ale,
they might wel ſerue Tom Tapſters turne:
But yeelding nought but filth and ſtale,
no loſſe it were if they did burne.
Their liquors doth ſo ſmell and ſtinke,
That no man can it vſe for drinke.

Theſe Apornes white of fineſt thrid,
ſo choic lie etide, ſo dearelie bought:
So finely fringed, ſo nicelie ſpred
ſo quaintlie cut, ſo richlie wrought.
Were they in worke to ſaue their cotes,
They need not coſt ſo many grotes.

When shooters aime at buttes and prickes,
they set vp whites to shew the pinne:
It may be, Apornes are like tricks,
to teach where rouers game may winne.
Braue archers soone will find the marke,
But bunglers hit it in the darke.

These worsted stockes of braueſt die,
and silken garters fring'd with gold:
These corked shooes to beare them hie,
makes them to trip it on the molde.
They mince it then with pace so strange
Like vntam'd heifers, when they range.

To carrie all this pelfe and trash,
because their bodies are vnfit,
Our wantons now in coaches dash,
from house to house, from street to street,
Were they of state, or were they lame,
To ride in coach they need not shame.

But being base, and sound in health,
they teach for what they coaches make:
Some thinks perhaps to shew their wealth,
nay, nay, in them they pennance take,
As poorer truls, must ride in cartes,
So coatches are for prouder hearts.

You sillie men, of simple sence,
what ioy haue you, olde-Cookes to be:
Your owne deare flesh, thus to dispence,
to please the glance of lusting eie.
That you should coutch your meat in dish,
And others feele, it is no fish.

Of verie loue you them array,
in siluer, golde, and iewels braue:
For silke and veluet still you pay,
so they be trimme, no cost you saue.
But think you such as ioy in these,
Will couet none, but you to please.

When they for gawdes, and toyes do wrangle,
pretending state and neighbours guise,
Then are they bent, to trap and tangle,
vnskilful braines, and heades vnwise:
I neuer yet saw, bayted hooke,
But fisher then for game did looke.

They say they are of gentle race,
and therefore must be finely deckt,
It were for them a great disgrace,
to be as are the simple sect.
Fine Gentles must be finely clad,
All them beseemes, that may be had.

They gentle are both borne and bred,
they gentle are in sport and game:
They gentle are at boord and bed,
they gentle are in wealth and name.
Such gentles nice, must needs be trimme,
From head to foot in euerie limme.

But husbands you, marke well my sawes,
when they pretend their gentle blood:
Then they intend to make you dawes,
in vaine to spend your wealth and good.
You better were the clowne to cloath,
Then Gentles which doe vertue loath,

True Gentles ſhould be lightes and guides,
in modeſt path to ſimple ranke:
But theſe that ſtraye ſo farre aſide,
themſelues that thus vnſeemlie pranke.
They are but puppets richlie dight,
True Gentrie they haue put to flight.

You daintie Minions, tel me ſooth,
diſſemble not, but vtter plaine:
Is not this thus of verie troth,
thinke you I ſlaunder, lie, or faine:
When you haue all your trinkets fit,
Can you alone in chamber ſit?

You are not then to carde and ſpinne,
to brue or bake, I dare well ſay:
No thtiftie worke you can beginne,
you haue nought els to doe but play.
To play alone were for a ſot,
It's knowne, you minions, vſe it not.

You thinke (perhaps) to win great fame,
by vncouth ſutes, and faſhions wilde:
All ſuch as know you, thinke the ſame,
but in ech kinde, you are beguilde.
For when you looke, for praiſes ſound,
Then are you for light fiſgigs crownde.

The better ſort, that modeſt are,
whome gariſh pompe, doth not infect:
Of them Dame honour, hath a care,
with glorious fame, that they be dekt:
Their praiſes, will for aie remaine.
When bodies rot, ſhall vertue gaine.

Thou Poet rude if thou be scorn'd,
disdaine it not, for Preachers graue
Are still dispisde, by faces hornde,
when they for better manners craue.
That hap which fals, on men diuine,
If thou it feele, doe not repine.

I know some thinke, thy tearmes are grosse,
too plaine thou art, some others deeme:
Be not agast, thy foes are drosse,
full well doth rudenesse them beseeme.
Who thee mislike, are but a messe,
And here their kinds I will expresse.

First, a simple swaine, that nothing knowes,
next, curtaile-flurt, as ranke as beast:
Then peacocke proud, that statelie goes,
last, roisting knaues, of vertue least.
None els but these will thee disdaine,
Contemne them all as causes vaine.

Good men of skill, doe know it well,
that these our daies require such speech:
Who oft are moued with threats of hell,
whome Preachers still in vaine beseech.
Is any knife too sharpe for such
Or any word for them too much.

Let fearfull Poets, pardon craue,
that seeke for praise, at euerie lips:
Doe thou not fauor, nor yet raue,
the golden meane is free from trips.
This lesson old was taught in schooles,
It's praise to be dispraisde of fooles.

FINIS.

collated OK
3/10/33 PS